

The family moved from Mass. to Penna. with their possessions, in a heavy two-wheeled cart, drawn by four year-old steers. The mother rode the horse and the little colt followed. In the wilderness, they set to work to build their log cabin and to clear the land for crops. The trees at that time, were considered worthless and were burned. The pioneers often found the trees difficult to cut on account of their great size.

The wild animals still roamed through the forest and the early settlers had many encounters with these. Some families, having sheep took turns during the night watching from the windows of their log cabins to protect them from the wolves and bears, which might be searching for an early breakfast.

One day the three sons of John Griswold, Horace, aged 11 with his two younger brothers, Sumner and Sedate, were out playing in the forest, when they chanced to see an animal sunning itself by a fallen log. The boys discovered the animal was a panther and departed, in haste, for home.

Everyone was busy about the log cabin. The good housewife, spent her spare moments in spinning the wool and flax and weaving it into cloth. The family clothing and the household linen depended upon her nimble fingers. Some of the trees of the forest supplied them with coloring matter, such as walnut. Much ingenuity was shown in the weaving of their fine linens. Designs were sometimes woven in their table-cloths.

The early settlers found nature a bountiful provider in the line of fish and wild game. As soon as the land was ready they sowed the grain and planted the crops they needed for their own use. The sap of the maple trees, supplied them with sugar. The old sugar barrell belonging to John Griswold, is in good condition today and is owned by F. H. Curtis. The old canteen, another relic carried by John Griswold in the Revolutionary War, is at the home of Augusta Curtis. The silver knee buckle and powder flask are owned by William Griswold of Pine City, New York.

John Griswold took on horse-back the first grist of wheat which he raised and started for Wilkes-Barre, to have it ground. The first night he camped on the forks of a river, near the present site of Scranton. He caught enough fish for supper and breakfast. While eating his supper, he heard a slight noise and saw three deer coming toward the river. Then he shot the first one, a nice fat yearling. He dressed it and hung it on a limb of a tree near by.